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THE LABYRINTH.

A

TALE.

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Right Honourable *****.

LONDON:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Ivy-Lane*, near *Pater-noſter-Row*. MDCCXXXIV.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)

Harvard College Library
May 18, 1911.
Gift of
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THE LABYRINTH. A TALE.

TO liſt'ning Crowds, in former Ages,
By *crafty Demagogues* and *Sages*,
Inſtructions were convey'd, in *Fable*,
Or poignant *Tale*, as they were able:
Nor have ſome later *Wights* been failing
Their luſcious *Noſtrums* in retailing,
By like *Conveyance*, to whole Nations
Dup'd by their *gilded Preparations*.
You, SIR, muſt know th' Aſſertion Fact is;
I inſtance the *D'Anverian* Practice.
Why then ſhould One, whoſe fair Intention,
Not influenc'd by *Place* or *Penſion*,
Nor tainted by the *Breath* of *Party*,
Is for his *Country*'s Int'reſt hearty,
Not have his Turn, when *Mem'ry* offers,
To uſe the *Vehicle* it proffers?

This

This Right I take to lay before you,
In *modern Rhymes*, an *ancient Story:*
The Scene, tho' not ſuppos'd in *Britain*,
For preſent Purpoſe is a fit one;
With *half* a *Portion* of your *Spirit*,
How would it ſhine with ſterling Merit!
Some *Connoiſſeurs* (I vouch not for all)
My TALE may pardon for its *Moral.*
In a fam'd *Iſland*, where, it writ is,
There were a *Hundred* noble *Cities*,
Fertile its *Soil*, its *Climate* healthy;
Bold were th' *Inhabitants*, and wealthy;
A PRINCE was own'd their rightful *Sover'gn*;
By *Laws eſtabliſh'd* ſworn to govern;
Ever conſpicuous for Brav'ry,
Ever confeſs'd a Foe to Slav'ry;
Of his Purſuits, the only Objects
Were the *Affections* of his *Subjects*;
To *Juſtice*, with impartial Rigour,
He gave ſuch Energy and Vigour,
That when he chang'd his frail Condition,
For the Delights of Fields *Elyſian*,
JOVE made him *Judge* at the *Tribunal*,
Where muſt appear, or *late* or *ſoon*, All:
No KING was known more wiſe, more ſteady,
MINOS you gueſs his Name already.

When

When they diſcharge their high Employments,
Great Monarchs have but ſmall Enjoyments:
Therefore what *Fool* will think it Wonder,
That they ſhou'd *delegate* their *Thunder?*
The *King* of *Gods* his Enſigns *regal,*
Truſts often with his fav'rite *Eagle;*
So *MINOS,* to the Toil and Danger
Of *unaſſiſted Rule* no Stranger,
When it his Will or Int'reſt fitted,
Wiſely the *Helm* of *State* committed
To an experienc'd *Pilot's* Guidance,
Whoſe Skill in vain he ne'er had try'd once;
In Dangers reſolute, unweary'd,
Thro' *Storms* his *Truſt* he ſmoothly carry'd;
Deaf to the lying Voice of *Rumour,*
The *Spleen* of Foes ſhew'd his *Good-humour;*
His Conſcience knew no Purpoſe ſiniſter;
In ſhort, ne'er liv'd a better *Miniſter.*
Mountains the more exalted, you know,
Feel more the Rage of ſtormy JUNO;
So is it known, to curious Readers,
That *Lightnings ſeek the talleſt Cedars;*
With *Pow'r* how tickliſh it's to meddle,
Learn by the Fate of honeſt *DOEDALE.*
Thus we in *Engliſh* call the *Great One,*
Who ſav'd the virtuous *Royal CRETAN.*

Perhaps you'll ſay the Story tallies,
To *preſent* Grandeur, *living* Malice.
This Servant, worthy ſuch a Maſter,
The more he earn'd Rewards, the faſter
Perceiv'd his Enemies endeavour
To rob him of the *Monarch's* Favour;
He ſaw their *gloomy Forces* muſter,
To darken his long-envy'd Luſtre.
Againſt the *Moon* ſo *Links* and *Tapers*,
Combin'd, emit their fœtid Vapours.
If *Peace*, or *War*, the canker'd *Faction*,
Were ſure to blame the wiſe Tranſaction,
" All proſp'rous Schemes were ill-intended,
" No Treaty made but might be mended;
" The Fav'rite in his Heart's a Traytor
(Never were Reaſons offer'd better)
" With an *arch Leer* their Plots he parries,
" And, ſpite of Curſes, a *round Body* carries;
" His *ATTICK Friend* makes too good *Speeches*,
" And looſely ty'd are *CRITO*'s Breeches;
" Againſt the *Crown* and *Peace* of *MINOS*,
" *ARCHON* with *Duſt* ſupplies his *high* Noſe.
" What *CRETAN*'s Head can be ſo muddy,
" As on this Proof an Hour to ſtudy?
Such *Treaſon*, with ſuch *Demonſtration*,
(What ſtronger cou'd be giv'n a Nation?)

For tedious Years had been objected,
By thoſe who *DOEDALE*'s Fall projected,
In vain; for *DOEDALE* kept his Head faſt,
MINOS remain'd his Guardian ſtedfaſt:
So when th' audacious Force of *Surges*,
With rude Invaſion fiercely urges,
Some mighty Rock in *ADRIA* lying,
His Place it holds, the Waves defying.

It happen'd once, a *Gang* of *Strolers*,
Suppoſe them like our modern *Owlers*,
Around the peaceful Realm did wander,
Their Chief (for Rhyme's Sake) *Periander*;
Who us'd all *Arts* the *State* to plunder,
Pretending to keep *Minions* under;
With ſpecious Shews of virtuous Brav'ry,
Men have at all Times hid their Knav'ry.

DOEDALE conſider'd ev'ry Meaſure
Which might ſecure the *Publick Treaſure*;
And, to his Maſter's Will obedient,
At laſt reſolv'd on an *Expedient*.

The *Faction* of his Glory jealous
Became againſt th' *Expedient* zealous,
To blaſt its Succeſs, and defame it,
A LABYRINTH they falſely name it;
In ev'ry Village, ev'ry City,
Joining the Cauſe of the *Banditti*,

In

In Hopes was come the lucky Minute,
If *Cacodæmons* were not in it,
When *waking Rage* ſhou'd pay their *Slumbers*,
And *DOEDALE* fall by adverſe Numbers.
Men look for Eels where thickeſt Slime is,
So they harangue the Crowd *imprimis*;
Swearing by *JOVE* they muſt be ſwallow'd,
If *their Inſtructions* were not follow'd,
By a ſtrange *hiccius doccius* Creature,
A *MINOTAUR*, whoſe greedy Nature,
Fitted to live on wet or dry Land,
Wou'd ſoon devour their happy *Iſland*.
The LABYRINTH, they ſwore, he dwelt in,
And *human Fleſh* alone he dealt in;
(See, by the way, theſe *Cretan* Lyars
Were not unlike our own *High-Flyers*)
Coining the moſt enormous Fictions,
Aſſerting monſtrous Contradictions;
Even *MINOS* and his QUEEN arraigning,
Their ſacred Characters profaning;
Sometimes the *Monſter* was the Produce
(Curſt Fiction!) of their *Royal* Bodies.
Of ſuch a Mold they form'd their Scandal;
All Miſchief has its proper Handle;
Childr'n believe in Sprites and Fairies,
And Cowards dread their own Chimæras.

Abſurdities

Abſurdities like theſe did tickle
Plebeians turbulent and fickle;
Who loudly for the *Projects* clamour'd,
Which their *ambitious Leaders* hammer'd.
Sweet *Brevity* forbids a Verſe on
Their Names, who, near their *Prince*'s Perſon,
Into the *factious* Meaſures enter'd,
And *preſent* Pow'r for *future* ventur'd.
The chief Deſign (no need of further)
Was how t' accompliſh *DOEDALE*'s Murther;
But, whether in their *Schemes* divided,
Or, that the *Stroke* was better guided,
Their Blow they miſs'd (here *Hiſtory's* certain)
The *Victim* 'ſcap'd th' expected Fortune.
To ſuch a Train of Wiles nefarious,
Than *PROTEUS* fraudful Shapes more various,
DOEDALE, with God-like Reſolution,
Made clear his Way, to their Confuſion.
Here *Authors* differ in Opinion,
But which deſerves to have Dominion,
Muſt be determin'd by the Learning
Of Men in Niceties diſcerning:
Some ſay the *Miniſter* was pent in
The Structure of his own inventing;
And tell us, that, with Pinions ſpread out,
Of the fam'd LABYRINTH he fled out;

That, by his Flight too close pursuing,
Some *spurious Statesman* met his Ruin.
Granting it so, yet all *Antiquity*
Join to absolve him of *Iniquity*.
In Matters of this great Importance,
I must attempt t' undraw the Curtains,
And let you know, in this Contention,
What is *my* humble Apprehension.
On *musty Scrolls* I've spar'd no Labour,
Consulting with each *learned Neighbour*;
And, on the whole am now persuaded,
DOEDALE the LABYRINTH evaded,
By *Engines* which kind *PALLAS* lent him,
Or by a *Clue* which *MINOS* sent him:
The Truth of *either*, with Submission,
Is left to your acute Decision.
Some *Christian*, of a squeamish Conscience,
May call my Story *Pagan* Nonsense;
To *him* this *Moral* must compensate,
What his *Religion* takes Offence at.

The MORAL.

When factious Minds *in* black Cabals *assemble*,
Thinking to make the genuine Statesmen *tremble*,
HEAV'N *keeps the baleful* Mischief *at a Distance*,
Supplying Innocence *with due Assistance.*

FINIS.